

LICKING VALLEY COURIER

VOLUME 2, NO. 36

West Liberty, Morgan County, Kentucky, Thursday, February 15, 1912.

WHOLE NUMBER 88

OFFICIAL DIRECTORY

Circuit Court: On Fourth Monday in June, and Third Monday in March and November. J. B. Hannan, Judge; John M. Waugh, Com'th Attorney; R. M. Oakley, Clerk; G. W. Phillips, Trustee of Jury Fund; S. R. Collier, Master Commissioner; J. D. Lykins, Deputy Master Com'r.

County Court: On Second Monday in each Month.

Quarterly Court: On Tuesday after Second Monday in each month.

Fiscal Court: On Wednesday after Fourth Monday in April and October.

J. C. Ferguson,
Presiding Judge.

MAGISTRATE'S COURT.

First District—W. G. Short, 1st Monday in each month.

Second District—S. S. Dennis, Tuesday after 1st Monday in each month.

Third District—Eli W. Day, Wednesday after 1st Monday in each month.

Fourth District—Charles Prater, Friday after 1st Monday in each month.

Fifth District—Frank Kennaird, Wednesday after 2nd Monday in each month.

Sixth District—J. E. Lewis, Friday after 2nd Monday in each month.

Seventh District—A. F. Blevins, Thursday after 2nd Monday in each month.

Eighth District—Franklin Walker, Thursday after 1st Monday in each month.

COUNTY OFFICERS.

Judge—I. C. Ferguson.

Attorney—J. P. Haney.

Sheriff—H. B. Brown.

Treasurer—W. M. Gardner.

Clerk—J. H. Sebastian.

Supt. Schools—T. N. Barker.

Tutor—H. C. Combs.

W. H. Kempton.

C. F. Lykins.

M. P. Turner.

Game Warden—W. C. Scott.

G. W. Jno M. Perry.

Liberty Police Court—First Tuesday in each month.

P. Womack, Judge.

The County Board of Education for Morgan county, holds regular meeting the 2nd Monday in each month.

J. P. HANEY,
County Attorney,
GENERAL PRACTICE,
OFFICE IN COURT HOUSE.
West Liberty, Ky.

W. M. GARDNER,
LAWYER,
West LIBERTY, KY.

Office in
Commercial Bank Building

COTTL & HOVERMALE,

ATTORNEYS AT LAW,
WEST LIBERTY, KY.

Allen N. Cisco. S. Monroe Nickell.

NICKELL & CISCO,

LAWYERS,
WEST LIBERTY, KY.

OFFICE IN COURT HOUSE

Wanted! A Goodly share
of your trade.

M. HANEY,
(Big Red)

Representing

HAD ADES

and Eat's Furnishings,
Lexington, Ky.

EDWARD LAXATIVES COUGH SYRUP
EDDY'S LAXATIVE HONEY AND TAR

Go to Keeton's for fresh oysters.

Wheat Harvest All Over the World

There is no month in the year when the hum of the harvesting machine, or the sound of the sharpened sickle, cutting wheat, is not heard in some parts of the round globe. It wakes the echoes of the new-year month at the same time in Australia of the Eastern hemisphere and in Argentina of the Western. In February and March it is heard in Upper Egypt and in India, continuing through April in Lower Egypt, Persia and Asia Minor and Mexico. May sees the beginning of the wheat harvest for our country in California and Texas, and its completion in Central Asia and in Japan. In June, it goes on throughout our Southern states and in the south countries of Europe, from Turkey to Portugal; in July in many of our Northern states, from New England to Nebraska, and from the Balkan States through Southern Russia, in the Old World; while in August it is harvest season in Minnesota, the Dakotas, and Canada, and "over the water" from the south of Great Britain eastward through Belgium, Germany and Central Russia. In September, the grain is cut in Scotland, Sweden and the plains of the north of Russia, after which the sickle goes to the South again, and is busied in the November in Peru and in South Africa, and in December in Burma and New South Wales.

Women's Commandments.

Chicago women consider that the issuance of special commandments for woman by the Rev. W. B. Millard, of Morgan Park, and Rev. Albert Hyde, of Boston, Mass., may be taken to indicate that the gentlemen of the cloth believe woman to be in special need of admonition from the ministerial study. Here are

the commandments recommended by Chicago women for the cloth:

"Thou shalt give the same laws for the poor as for the rich. Let not fine raiment deceive thee."

"Thou shalt not condemn the woman and forgive the man, for the Lord my God shall judge thee."

"Thou shalt abandon sophistry and preach truth, for the ways of the devil are devious."

"Thou shalt not interpret the word of God but thou shalt administer it that all may know and respect the law."

"Thou shalt condemn the sins of the mighty and condone those of the humble."

"Thou shalt not be bound by temples, but thou shalt go out into by-ways and preach among the people."

"Thou shalt abandon euphemism in pulpit and tell God's message in the language of his Son."

"Thou shalt under no circumstances compromise with the devil." —Masonic Home Journal.

An Appreciation.

For several weeks the LICKING VALLEY COURIER has been making regular visits to our home and we are indebted to some friend of former days for this much appreciated kindness. "Tho' now far removed from that loved habitation," there is nothing that affords us more pleasure than to receive news each week of those, whom, during our two years sojourn in their midst, by their many kindnesses made us their lasting friends. It is one of the greatest pleasures of life, as we seek to do our Master's will and go where'er He sends us, to know that we are not forgotten by those among whom we have labored. May this pleasure that is ours, be to the giver as "Bread cast upon the waters."

Mrs. R. B. Wilson,
California, Ky.

Go to Keeton's for fresh oysters.

Keeton has the most complete line of groceries in town.

Planting in the Moon

Do you plant everything in the moon? If you do, why do you? Do you really think the moon has anything to do with the outcome of your crop? Of course it does not. If you will only experiment in an unprejudiced way and watch other folks and their experience you will soon become convinced. You will first find out that all do not use the same sign. You wonder how these other folks got their idea for planting in the opposite sign from you. They wonder how you got your sign, and so do I.

Let me tell you candidly, from the standpoint of reason there is nothing to any of it. These moon folks are always ready to believe any sign, but never are willing to give any credence to any discovery of science. The latter is based upon facts, but the moon signs are no more reasonable than the ancient myths and fables. Do you know how these signs get started? It is in this way. In every neighborhood there is a man or a woman that is a bigger gossip than anybody else, is more important and at the same time has less solid brain matter than anybody else in the neighborhood, and persons whose ideal can't reach very high get all their whims and signs from these gossips. Not always even notions. Sometimes these things which you are taught to believe to be true are simply told by some such persons in the hopes of attaining notoriety for himself. Whims, signs and superstition are detrimental to progress, and the more of them you follow less prosperous you will be.

Southern Agriculturist.

No more limping for Tom More of Cochran, Ga. "I had a bad

sore on my instep and nothing seemed to help till I used Bucklin's Arnica Salve" he writes, "but this wonderful healer soon cured me." Heals old, running sores, ulcers, burns, boils, cuts, bruises, eczema or piles. Try it Only 25 cents at all druggists.

He Won't Limp Now.

No more limping for Tom More

of Cochran, Ga. "I had a bad

sore on my instep and nothing

seemed to help till I used Bucklin's Arnica Salve" he writes, "but this wonderful healer soon cured me." Heals old, running sores, ulcers, burns, boils, cuts, bruises, eczema or piles. Try it Only 25 cents at all druggists.

Deputy Sheriff T. J. Perry, of Ezel, transacted business in town Monday.

J. T. and R. Caudill, of Cannel City, were in the City Tuesday.

Stanley Dennis, of Ezel, visited his uncle Dr. T. N. Barker,

this week.

Dr. G. C. Nickell, of Ezel, was

a pleasant caller at the Courier office Monday.

Mack Little, and sister Miss Nettie, of White Oak, were in town Tuesday.

Ben Murphy, of Maytown, transacted business in town the first of the week.

Dillard Murphy, of Ezel, was in town Friday and while here visited the Courier office.

Joe M. Kendall has returned

from an extended visit in Winchester and Mt. Sterling.

Sam J. Salyer, of Cassville, Mo.,

visited relatives and friends in West Liberty recently.

Miss Nancy Phipps and Miss Myrtle Rose were pleasant callers at the Courier office Tuesday.

G. W. Stacy, of Grassy Creek,

was in town Monday and while here renewed his subscription to the Courier.

Sam J. Caudill, son of R. E.

Caudill, Cannel City, is at home

from West Point Military academy on a vacation.

Tony Wells, Pieratt Jenkins,

Volnie Cottle and Hurst Dyer,

assisted us materially in running off the paper this week.

L. P. Haney, of Nickell, was

here the first of the week and

renewed his subscription to the best paper in Morgan County.

W. W. Hubbard, of Indianapolis, Ind., is here looking after his timber interests and also in the interests of the railroad up Elk Fork.

Forest Franklin and Esq.,

Frank Kennaird, of Logville, attended County Court Monday and while in town called in to see

how the Courier clan was getting along.

A Bargain in Timber.

100 acres of fine timber, vir-

gin forest. On floating water,

near railroad. This is the best

proposition on the market. It'll

not be on our hands long at the

price we offer it. Want it?

COTTL & HOVERMALE.

Keeton has the most complete

line of groceries in town.

PERSONALS

Frank Ward, of Pekin, was in town Monday.

D. M. Murphy, of Ezel, was in town Monday.

Jas. H. Day is at Winchester on business.

Pascal Kilgore, of Caney, was in town Monday.

Polk Okley, of Blaze, was here the first of the week.

S. R. Lykins, of Caney, was in town on business Monday.

O. P. Carter, of Bonny, was here the first of the week.

A. O. Peyton, of Cannel City, was here the first of the week.

Kelly Murphy, of Ezel, transacted business in town Monday.

B. J. Elam, of Silverdale, attended Quarterly Court Tuesday.

W. T. Walter, of Cannel City, attended County Court Monday.

Joe Haney, of Cannel City, was in town the first of the week.

M. F. Holbrook, of Moon, was in town Monday and while here renewed his subscription to his County paper.

Robert Sturdivent is in Breckinridge County on business this week.

Burns Ferguson, of Elamton, was in town Monday and while here gave us a nice order for job work.

W. B. Greer, S. S. Oldfield, Willie Elam and L. A. Lykins, of Index, were in town Monday.

Denny M. Carter, of Clearfield, visited his parents, Dr. and Mrs. B. F. Carter, this week.

Deputy Sheriff T. J. Perry, of Ezel, transacted business in town Monday.

Jno. M. Lykins, of Grassy Creek, attended County Court Monday.

S. M. Nickell, of Whitsburg, is here looking after interests of his clients.

Alex Whitaker, of Caney, was mixing with the people in town Monday.

W. T. Caskey, of Lenox, called to see us Monday.

Green Oakley, of Yocum, was in town Monday.

She—You puckered up your lips so then that I thought you were going to kiss me.

He—Oh I got some grit in my mouth.

She—Well, for goodness sake, swallow it! You need it in your system—Ex.

Sam J. Caudill, son of R. E. Caudill, Cannel City, is at home from West Point Military academy on a vacation.

BARGAINS IN REAL ESTATE

We are the
LIVE WIRES
in Real Estate!

List No. 117. House and two lots in West Liberty. Ten room house newly built and finely finished, gas, outbuildings, etc. Garden large and would make a fine market garden.

List No. 118. Forty-five acres of rich, river bottom land within two miles of West Liberty. Overflow, is level and has a deep, rich, "muddy" soil. Fertile and productive.

Lists numbers 117 and 118 would be an ideal proposition for a man who desires to live in town and educate his children and raise a crop.

List No. 71. A splendid farm, short distance from town. Consists of 75 acres, six-room residence, barn, outbuildings, good orchard. Cheap if sold quickly.

List No. 108. A one-acre lot just out of town, three room cottage and outbuildings. Big bargain.

List No. 124. 100 acres of fine timber, oak predominating. Near floating water and close to railroad. The best small tract timber proposition in Eastern Kentucky.

COTTE & HOVERMALE,
West Liberty, Ky.

You Don't Pay Twice
When You Pay by Check!

Your checks (which the Bank preserves for you) is a complete record of all your transactions, if you do your business through this Bank. Besides, your money is safe from Fire and Robbers. Small depositor treated with all the courtesy of larger ones.

Do Business the Safe way.

Capital Stock, \$15,000.

Deposits, \$60,000.

COMMERCIAL BANK,
West Liberty, Ky.

S. R. COLLIER, President.
W. A. DUNCAN, Cashier.

W. G. BLAIR, Vice-President.
D. S. HENRY, Asst. Cashier.

GROCERIES

And Plenty of

Cheap at the price and
The Prices Cheapest

Line Complete Nothing Like It

Fresh Oysters a Specialty

Prompt and efficient service

Come once and you'll come again

HENRY COLE
Cole Hotel Sample Room

The Courier!
A Sure Specific for
Mental Strabismus

A Yearly Treatment--52 Doses--Guaranteed to Cure the most confirmed case of Cussedness--or kill the Cuss.

1 Year's Treatment,

Warmer than Tabasco!

Fearless in Execution

Periodical for brainy people,

Too strong for you

Send in your simoleon and get on

April 7, 1879, at the post office at West Liberty, Ky., under the Act of March 3, 1879.

Issued Thursday by
The Morgan County Publishing Co.
Incorporated.

TERMS—One Dollar a year in advance.

H. G. COTTLE, EDITOR.

All communications should be addressed to the Editor.

ANNOUNCEMENTS.

We are authorized to announce

G. V. LYKINS
of Grassy Creek, as a candidate for the Democratic nomination for the office of County Judge of Morgan county.

We are authorized to announce

ALEX WHITAKER
of Caney, as a candidate for the nomination for County Judge of Morgan county, subject to the action of the Democratic party.

We are authorized to announce

FRANK KENNAIRD
of Logville, as a candidate for the nomination for County Attorney of Morgan county, subject to the action of the Democratic party.

We are authorized to announce

H. M. DAVIS
of West Liberty, as a candidate for the nomination for County Court Clerk of Morgan county, subject to the action of the Democratic party.

We are authorized to announce

REN F. NICKELL
of West Liberty, as a candidate for Clerk of the Morgan County Court, subject to the action of the Democratic party.

We are authorized to announce

JAMES W. DAVIS,
of Ezel, as a candidate for the nomination for Superintendent of Schools of Morgan county subject to the action of the Democratic party.

We are authorized to announce

C. E. CLARK
of Maytown, as a candidate for the nomination for Superintendent of Schools of Morgan county, subject to the action of the Democratic party.

We are authorized to announce

L. A. LYKINS
of Index, as a candidate for the nomination for Sheriff of Morgan county, subject to the action of the Democratic party.

We are authorized to announce

SAM R. LYKINS,
of Caney, as a candidate for the Democratic nomination for Sheriff of Morgan county.

We are authorized to announce

W. W. MCCLURE,
of West Liberty, as a candidate for the nomination for Jailer of Morgan county, subject to the action of the Democratic party.

We are authorized to announce

E. J. WEBB,
of Blair's Mill, as a candidate for the nomination for Jailer of Morgan county, subject to the action of the Democratic party.

We are authorized to announce

J. H. ROE,
of Grassy Creek, as a candidate for the nomination for Jailer of Morgan county, subject to the action of the Democratic party.

We are authorized to announce

GEO. W. STACY,
of Grassy Creek, as a candidate for the nomination for JAILER of Morgan County, subject to the action of the Democrat party.

We are authorized to announce

JOHN PATRICK, (Assessor John) of Grassy Creek, as a candidate for the nomination for Assessor of Morgan county, subject to the action of the Democratic party.

We are authorized to announce

REV. W. H. LINDON
of Insko, as a candidate for the nomination for Assessor of Morgan county, subject to the action of the Democratic party.

as a candidate for the nomination for County Court Clerk, subject to the action of the Democratic party.

We are authorized to announce LEE BARKER, of Malone, as a candidate for the nomination for County Court Clerk, subject to the action of the Democratic party.

Mr. Bryan, will you please go in the back yard and play?

Now that Brown and McCutcheon, erstwhile political bosses of Kentucky, have knocked under, let us hope that a brighter era for the State is dawning.

A patron asked the other day, why school notes were not published in the COURIER regularly like last year. Let's drop that subject. Everyone interested to any extent knows why, and unless we are pained by unjust criticism we prefer not to air soiled linen.

The strongest argument against woman suffrage is that the leaders of that movement have no babies. It is not backed by the mothers. For old maids and childless married women some diversion should be provided, but shoo them away from that suffrage thing that would take the woman worth while from her Queenland—the Home.

Ryland C. Musick, editor of the Jackson Times, is a candidate for Delegate to the National Democratic Convention. Mr. Musick is eminently qualified for the position, and if party service is to be recognized is entitled to it. The Democratic editors work 365 days in the year for the party, and the only reward they ever ask is some position without pay that entails a heavy expense to be paid by themselves. Personally, Mr. Musick is a pleasant, worthy gentleman, a hustler and a Democrat at the time. We predict that he will land the honor.

The express companies seem to be behind the movement to defeat the Parcel Post bill. We have been swamped with literature arguing against it, but we are yet unconvinced. Just as government ownership of railroads is inevitable, so with the Parcel Post. The sooner we get the latter the better for the people. It requires a demonstration to convince the people. The Parcel Post will teach them how flagrantly they are being robbed by the express companies and they will then begin to smell out the exorbitant freight rates that prevail.

Monopoly and oppression are at last having to fight to exist, and the awakening intelligence of the people will in the end win. The Republican party and its concomitant monopolies will pass into oblivion when the people exercise their reason.

We favor the Parcel Post.

Farm For Sale!

140 acres, good house and barn good orchard and garden, two good wells and one spring. 70 acres good Licking river bottom land, all under good fence. Will take good live stock on first payment; balance on one and two years time. Price: \$2,500.

Call on or write
C. W. CLAY,
Salt Lick, Ky.
88-3t Care Judge Kimbrell.

Commercial Club is destined to accomplish much good for the town and surrounding Country is apparent to the most casual observer. The uniform system of sidewalks, to be constructed along the lines and according to the plans submitted by the club, seems to be a sure thing. But little opposition to the scheme has developed thus far, and those who oppose it will not accept the club's invitation to attend its meetings and discuss the proposition frankly and freely. The invitation was extended to them in good faith and is still open. No harm can come of a full discussion of every phase of the question, and that is what we, as a Club, and the citizens of West Liberty generally want. The truth is what we are trying to get at, and if any one has any information bearing on the sidewalk question, either in regard to the cost of construction, the bond issue or any other subject relative to the building of the walks and paying for the same, he ought to come before the Commercial Club and give it the benefit of his knowledge. The sidewalk question is being agitated by the progressive citizens of the town from a sense of civic duty and because of a conscientious belief that they are taking a step in the right direction and are doing something for the betterment of all concerned. No one will be able to say, in the future, that the matter was railroaded through—that they were not given a chance to be heard. The concrete walks are going to be built, sooner or later, and if the people should refuse to accept the present proposition it would only mean that the Board of trustees, or their successors, will eventually pass an ordinance ordering the walks constructed and then the property owners would be compelled to pay the full cost of construction at one time instead of having ten years in which to do it.

Opportunities like this don't come every day and when opportunity passes by it don't turn back.

Corn Club! CORN CLUB!!! CORN CLUB!!! We have three expressed candidates for County Superintendent, with perhaps others looking over the bars. That office is educational and the man or woman who fills it successfully must be an educator. What an opportunity for the world-be Superintendent! There are probably five hundred boys in this county between the ages of 12 and 16 years. At least one hundred of these (five hundred would be better) ought to enter a corn growing contest. The benefits to be derived from such a movement could not be computed in dollars and cents. Something must be done for the farmers of Morgan county. Now is the opportunity. The candidate for Superintendent who will interest himself in this work and show results will gain a lead over his competitors that all the electioneering they will be able to do can not overcome. One month spent in this work NOW will do more toward securing the nomination than everthing else combined.

This hint is intended for the wise.

It matters but little if the editor of the COURIER parts his hair in the middle or if the foreman wears good size shoes. Neither of us have suffered our whiskers to get fleecy grown or to become the depository of sputum six days old. Our wit is not our only stock in trade and if it were we would not use it to retard the development of our home town.

Go to, sorehead; you are kicking against the pricks and the more you flounce the deeper you'll get the hooks. The men who do a town more harm than good may be classed as follows: First, those who oppose improvement. Second, those who run it down to strangers. Third, those who never advertise their business. Fourth, those who distrust public spirited men. Fifth, those who show no hospitality to any one. Sixth, those who hate to see others make money. Seventh, those who put on long faces when a stranger speaks of locating in their town. Ninth, those who oppose every public enterprise, which does not appear of personal benefit to themselves. Is there one like this in this town? We think not.—ex.

We can't say that for West Liberty.

An editor was dying, but when the doctor bent over, placed his ear on his breast, and said, "Poor man! Circulation almost gone!" the dying editor shouted: "You're a liar! We have the largest circulation in the country!"

Orthodox and his horde of wage-slaves are so wedded to their chains that preaching the economic truth to them is about as effective as singing psalms to a dead nigger. They kiss the hand that binds them and revile those who offer relief. Were it not for this dense, pitiable ignorance the reign of the capitalistic plunderer would be short.

Oh! that some miraculous power could give the poor, benighted Orthodoxes sufficient brains to see this, and courage enough to throw off the yoke and like men demand and take their own!

that body was, he would rise in his seat and, instead of voting, shout: "Carthage must be destroyed!" Orthodox has read, or heard it read, that "individual" effort was the great force that was to save mankind. Without having the slightest idea of what he means he makes it the burden of his song. He hasn't brains enough to know that that is a false and vicious theory that has been insidiously instilled in the minds of the people by designing rascals who plunder the toilers.

The capitalistic class teach that doctrine, through a prostituted press and fawning pulpit, in order that the poor, unthinking workingman will work on uncompromisingly hoping that "individual" effort will better his condition. And the dumb, driven laborer toil on while his opportunity for making a bare living grows daily less and less. The capitalistic class, in order to stave off the storm when the herd of workers threaten to stampede, increases wages 10 per cent. and at the same time increases the prices on the necessities of life 40 per cent. The worker goes back to his ceaseless toil satisfied with what he has accomplished by his "individual" effort.

True, the laboring man can, under favorable circumstances, by denying himself the necessities of life, sometimes get a few dollars ahead provided he has inherited an unusual amount of that disposition known as thrift. But he cannot lift himself out of his class. In rare cases men do, under extraordinary conditions, better their condition, but it is only those who have inherited a mind that is selfish and cunning. He is a rare bird, however.

If individual effort is so potent in the affairs of man why is it that the land—the source of wealth—and all the means of the production of wealth is being absorbed by the few? Why is it that less than 4 per cent. of the inhabitants of the great city of

New York own the homes they live in? Why is it that 60 per cent. of the wealth of this country is in the hands of 15 per cent. of the people? Why don't orthodox and his tribe "individual effort" enough to stop the soaring prices of food? Why don't they "individual effort" sufficiently to bust the trusts that are absorbing their very means of making a living?

With starvation, privation, woe and misery clinging to them like leprosy these ignoramus rear up on their hind legs and, like other jackasses, bray: "You mustn't take away from us the incentive that 'individual effort' gives!"

Prod on by their masters, Orthodox and his crowd sets up the cry of "Anarchist!" at those who believe that the product of labor should belong to the laborer who produces it. We are "undesirable citizens" who preach that man is one great brotherhood and that the oppression of one is the cause of many. Yes, it would destroy "individual effort" if the means of production and distribution of wealth were taken from the idle thieves who stole them and put in the hands of the real owners—labor. It would be a great crime against humanity if the wealth that is produced by labor should be distributed to each man in proportion to the amount of labor he put into the production of it. What a blow it would be to our splendid civilization if things were so arranged that the hours of the labor should be fewer and the laborer could educate his children and dress them well and could have luxuries for his family. And it would be a measly shame to compel the white-handed idlers to either work or starve.

Orthodox and his horde of wage-slaves are so wedded to their chains that preaching the economic truth to them is about as effective as singing psalms to a dead nigger. They kiss the hand that binds them and revile those who offer relief. Were it not for this dense, pitiable ignorance the reign of the capitalistic plunderer would be short.

Oh! that some miraculous power could give the poor, benighted Orthodoxes sufficient brains to see this, and courage enough to throw off the yoke and like men demand and take their own!

Very Serious
It is a very serious matter to ask for one medicine and have the wrong one given you. For this reason we urge you in buying to be careful to get the genuine—

THEFORD'S BLACK-DRAUGHT
Liver Medicine
The reputation of this old, reliable medicine, for constipation, indigestion and liver trouble, is firmly established. It does not imitate other medicines. It is better than others, or it would not be the favorite liver powder, with a larger sale than all others combined.
SOLD IN TOWN

WITHOUT OPIATES NARCOTICS
FOLEY'S HONEY AND TAR COMPOUND
STOPS COUGHS - CURES COLDS.
For CROUP, BRONCHITIS, WHOOPING COUGH, LA GRIPPE COUGHS, HOARSENESS and ALL COUGHS and COLDS. It is BEST and SAFEST for CHILDREN and for GROWN PERSONS.
The Genuine is in a Yellow Package

MONEY IN TRAPPING FURS
We tell you how, and pay best market prices. We are dealers established in 1858 and can do BETTER for you than any other house in Louisville. Reference may be made to us. Write for weekly price list.
M. SABEL & SONS
217-23-31 & 33 E. Market St., LOUISVILLE, KY.
Dealers in FURS, HIDES, WOOL.

Kodol For Indigestion.
Relieves sour stomach, colic, palpitation of the heart. Digests what you eat
Warmer than Tabasco!
Fearless in Execution
Periodical for brainy people.
Too strong for you
Send in your simoleon and get on

Police Courage

History of Certain Persons Who
Lived and Conquered
RUS TOWNSEND
BY
BRADY

"The Ring and the Man,"
"A Woman of Regeneration," "The
Huntress," "The Girl of the Hills,"
"At the Santa Fe Upan."

Illustrations by Ellsworth Young

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SYNOPSIS.

CHAPTER I.—Enid Maitland, a frank, unpolished young Philadelphia taken to the Colorado mountains by Robert Maitland, James Maitland's protege, falls in love with her.

CHAPTER II.—She presents wool to the girl, but she hesitates, and goes east on business without an answer.

CHAPTER III.—End hears the story of a girl who was so seriously ill that she could not get up, and she was eaten by wolves.

CHAPTER IV.—Kirkby, the old guide tells the story, gives End a package which he says were found on the body. She reads the note and at Kirkby's request keeps

CHAPTER V.—While End is bathing in a river in fanned solitude, a big bear comes into the water to attack the girl, who runs and the animal is killed by a strange man.

CHAPTER VI.—She was chilled to the bone by her homeless sojourn, albeit it had been scarcely more than a minute in icy water, and yet the blood rushed to her brow and face, to every other part of her in waves as she thought of it. It was a good thing she cried; she was not a weeping woman, her tears came slowly as a rule and then came hard. She rather prided herself upon her stoicism, but in this instance the great depths of her nature had been undermined and the fountains thereof were faint to break forth.

How long she lay there, warmth coming gradually to her under the direct rays of the sun, she did not know, and it was a strange thing that caused her to arise. It grew suddenly dark over her head. She looked up and a rim of frightful black, dense clouds had suddenly blotted out the sun. The clouds were lined with gold and silver, and the long rays shot from behind the somber cloud over the yet uncovered portions of the heaven, but the clouds moved with the irresistible swiftness and steadiness of a great deluge. The wall of them lowered above her head while they extended steadily and rapidly across the sky toward the other side of the canon and the mountain wall.

A storm was brewing such as she had never seen, such as she had no experience to enable her to realize its malign possibilities. Nay, it was now at hand. She had no clew, however, of what was toward, however terrible, for she had been forewarned, frightened, unconsciously all the menace of hour, her thoughts flew down the canon to the camp. She must hasten there. She looked for her watch which she had left from the grass and which she had not yet put on. The grizzly had stepped upon it, it was irretrievably ruined. She judged from her last glimpse of the sun that it must now be early afternoon. She rose to her feet and staggered with weakness; she had eaten nothing since morning, and the nervous shock and strain through which she had gone had reduced her to a pitiable condition.

Her uneasiness had fortunately escaped unharmed. In a big pocket of her short skirt there was a small flask of whiskey, which her Uncle Robert had required her to take with her. She felt sick and faint, but she knew that she must eat if she was to make the journey, difficult as it might prove, back to the camp. She forced herself to take the first mouthful of bread and meat she had brought with her, but when she had tasted she needed no further incentive, she ate to the last crumb; she thought this was the time she needed stimulants, too, and mingling the cold water from the brook with a little of the ardent spirit from the flask, she drank. Some of the chill had worn off, some of the fatigue had gone.

She rose to her feet and started down the canon; her bloody sweater still lay on the ground with other things of which she was heedless. It had grown colder, but she realized that the climb down the canon would put her stagnant blood in circulation and all would be well.

Before she began the descent of the pass, she cast one long glance backward, whether the man had gone. Whence came he, who was he, what had he seen, where was he now? She thanked God for his interference in one breath and hated him for his presence in the other;

The whole sky was now black with drifting clouds, lightning flashed above her head, muttered peals of thunder, terrifically ominous, rocked through the silent hills. The noise was low and subdued, but almost continuous. With a singular and uneasy feeling that she was being observed, she started down the canon, plugging desperately through the trees, leaping the brook from side to side where it narrowed, seeking ever the easiest way. She struggled on panting with sudden inexplicable terror almost as bad that which had overwhelmed her hour before—and growing more every moment, to such a tragic end the day and its happenings.

On a awful experience really to be true that day. The fates waited with her—body fear, outraged modesty, mental anguish and now the terror of the storm.

The clouds seemed to sink lower, until they almost closed about her; her gray ghostly arms reached out toward her. It grew darker and darker in the depths of the canon. She screamed aloud—in vain.

Suddenly the rolling thunder peals

concentrated, balls of fire leaped out

of the heavens and struck the mountains where she could actually see them. There were not words to describe the tremendous crashings which seemed to shatter the hills, to be succeeded by brief periods of silence, to be followed by louder and more terrific detonations.

In one of those appalling alternations from sound to silence she heard a human cry—an answering cry to her own? It came from the hills behind her. It must proceed, she thought, from the man. She could not meet that man, although she craved human companionship as never before, she did not want his. She could not bear it. Better the wrath of God, the fury of the tempest.

Heedless of the sharp note of warning, of appeal, in the voice even it was drowned by another roll of thunder, she plunged on in the darkness. The canon narrowed here; she made her way down the ledges, leaping recklessly from rock to rock, slipping, falling, grazing now one side, now the other, hurling herself forward with white face and bruised body and torn hands and throbbing heart that would fail burst its bonds. There was once an ancient legend, a human creature, menaced by all the forces, pitilessly pursued by every malevolent spirit of earth and air; like him this sweet young girl, innocent, lovely, erstwhile happy, fled before the storm.

Then the heavens burst, and the fountains of the great deeps were broken open and with absolute utterlessness the floods descended. The bursting clouds, torn asunder by the wild winds, driven by the pent-up lightning within their black and turpid breasts, disburdened themselves. The water came down, as it did of old when God washed the face of the world, in a flood. The narrow of the canon was filled ten, twenty, thirty feet in a moment by the cloud burst. The black water rolled and foamed, surging like the rapids at Niagara.

The body of the girl, utterly unprepared, was caught up in a moment and flung like a bolt from a catapult down the seething sea filled with the trunks of the trees and the debris of the mountains, tossing about humanly in the wild confusion. She struck out strongly swimming more because of the instinct of life than for any other reason. A helpless atom in the boiling flood, growing every minute greater and greater as the angry skies disgorged themselves of their pent-up torments upon her devoted head.

CHAPTER VI.

Death, Life and the Resurrection.
The man was coming back from one of his rare visits to the settlements. Ahead of him he drove a train of burros who, well broken to their work, followed with docility the wise old leader in the advance. The burros were laden with his supplies for the approaching winter. The season was late, the mountains would soon be impassable on account of the snows, indeed he knew the late season always for his buying in order that he might not be followed, and it was his habit to buy in different places at different years that his repeated and expected presence at one spot might not arouse suspicion.

Intercourse with his fellow men was confined to this yearly visit to a settlement, and even that was of the briefest nature, confined always to the business in hand. Even when busy in the town he pitched a small tent in the open on the outskirts and dwelt apart. No men there in those days pried into the business of other men.

It was against nature that a man dowered as he should so live to himself alone. Some voice should cry in his soul in its cements of futile remorse, vain explanations and benumbing recollection: some day he should burst these grave clothes self-wound about him and be once more a man and a master among men, rather than the hermit and the recluse of the solitude.

He did not allow these thoughts to come into his life; indeed, it is quite likely that he scarcely realized them all yet; such possibilities did not present themselves to him. Perhaps the man was a little mad that morning, maybe he trembled on the verge of a break—upward, downward, I know not so it be away—unconscious by as he strode along the range that morning.

He had been walking for some hours, and as he grew thirsty it occurred to him to descend to the level of the brook which he heard below him, and of which he sometimes caught a flashing glimpse through the trees. He scrambled down the rocks and found himself in a thick grove of pine. Making his way slowly and with great difficulty through the tangle of fallen timber which lay in every direction, the sound of a human voice, the last thing on earth to be expected in that wilderness, smote upon the ear of the child who had brought with her, but when she had tasted she needed no further incentive, she ate to the last crumb; she thought this was the time she needed stimulants, too, and mingling the cold water from the brook with a little of the ardent spirit from the flask, she drank. Some of the chill had worn off, some of the fatigue had gone.

She rose to her feet and started down the canon; her bloody sweater still lay on the ground with other things of which she was heedless. It had grown colder, but she realized that the climb down the canon would put her stagnant blood in circulation and all would be well.

Before she began the descent of the pass, she cast one long glance backward, whether the man had gone. Whence came he, who was he, what had he seen, where was he now? She thanked God for his interference in one breath and hated him for his presence in the other;

The whole sky was now black with drifting clouds, lightning flashed above her head, muttered peals of thunder, terrifically ominous, rocked through the silent hills. The noise was low and subdued, but almost continuous. With a singular and uneasy feeling that she was being observed, she started down the canon, plugging desperately through the trees, leaping the brook from side to side where it narrowed, seeking ever the easiest way. She struggled on panting with sudden inexplicable terror almost as bad that which had overwhelmed her hour before—and growing more every moment, to such a tragic end the day and its happenings.

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of the heavens and struck the mountains where she could actually see them. There were not words to describe the tremendous crashings which seemed to shatter the hills, to be succeeded by brief periods of silence, to be followed by louder and more terrific detonations.

He found some occupations, too, in the following of old Adam's inheritance; during the pleasant months of summer he made such garden as he could. His profession of mining engineer gave him other employment. Round about him lay treasures inestimable, precious metals abounded in the hills. He had located them, tested, analyzed, estimated the wealth that was his for the taking—it was as valuable to him as the diamonds and golden guineas were to Salkirk on his island. Yet the knowledge that it there gave him an energizing sense of potential power, unconsciously enormously flattering to his self-esteem.

Sometimes he wandered to the extreme verge of the range and on clear days saw far beneath him the smoke of great cities of the plains. He could be master among men as he was a master among mountains, if he chose. On such occasions he laughed cynically, scornfully, yet rarely did he ever give way to such emotions.

A great and terrible sorrow was upon him; cherishing a great passion he had withdrawn himself from the common lot to dwell upon it. From a perverted sense of expiation, in a madness of grief, horror and despair, he had made himself a prisoner to his ideas in the desert of the mountains. Back to his cabin he would hasten, and there surrounded by his living memories—deathless, yet of the dead—he would recreate the past until depression drove him abroad on the hills to meet God if not man—or woman. Night-day, sun-shine shadow, heat-cold, storm-calm; these were his life.

Having disbursed his faithful animals of their packs and having seen them safely bestowed for the winter in the corral he had built near the base of the cliff upon which his rude home was situated, he took his rifle one morning for one of those lonely walks across the mountains from which he drew such comfort, because he fancied the absence of man conducted to the nearness of God. It was a delusion as old nearly as the Christian religion. Many had made themselves hermits in the past in remorse for sin and for love toward God; this man had buried himself in the wilderness in part for the first of these causes, in other part for the love of woman. In the days of swift and sudden change he had been constant to a remembrance, and abiding in his determination for five swift moving years. The world for him had stopped in progress in one brief moment five years back—the rest was silence. What had happened since then out yonder where people were mated he did not know and he did not greatly care.

In his visits to the settlements he asked no questions, he bought no papers, he manifested no interest in the world; some things in him had died in one fell moment, and there had been, as yet, no resurrection. Yet life, hope, and ambition do not die, they are indeed eternal. **Resurgam!**

Life with its tremendous activities, its awful anxieties, its wearng strains, its rare triumphs, its opportunities for achievement, for service; hope with its illuminations, its encouragement, its expectations, ambitions with its stimulus, its force, its power; and greatest of all, love, itself alone—all three were latent in him. In touch with a woman these had gone. Something as powerful and as human must bring them back.

It was against nature that a man dowered as he should so live to himself alone. Some voice should cry in his soul in its cements of futile remorse, vain explanations and benumbing recollection: some day he should burst these grave clothes self-wound about him and be once more a man and a master among men, rather than the hermit and the recluse of the solitude. He cursed himself for his weakness. He shut his eyes and summoned other memories. How long he stood there he could not have told. He was fighting battle and it seemed to him at last that he triumphed. Presently the consciousness came to him that perhaps he had no right to stand there idle; it may be that the woman needed him; perhaps she had fainting in the water; perhaps—. He turned toward the bend which concealed him from her and then he stopped. Had he any right to intrude upon her privacy? He must of necessity be an unwelcome visitor to her. He had surprised her at a trifling disadvantage, he knew instinctively, although the fault was none of his, although he had saved her life thereby, that she would hold him and him alone responsible for the outrage to her modesty, and although he had seen little at first glance and had resolutely kept his eyes away, there were consciousness of her absolute helplessness appealed to him—what was best and noblest in him, too? He must go to her; yet stay, she must not yet be clothed, in which event—. But no, she must be dressed, or dead, by this time, and in either case must have a duty to discharge.

It devolved upon him to make sure of her safety; he was in a certain sense responsible for it, until she got back to her friends, wherever they might be; but he persuaded himself that otherwise he did not want to see her again, that he did not wish to know anything about her future; that he did not care whether it was well or ill with her; and it was only stern obligation which drove him toward her—fond and foolish man!

He compromised with himself at last by climbing the ridge that had shut off a view of the pool, and looking down at the place so memorable to him. He was prepared to withdraw instantly should circumstances warrant, and he was careful so to conceal himself as to give no possible opportunity for her to discover his scrutiny.

With a beating heart and eager eyes he searched the spot. There lay the bear and a little distance away

in the right mind or not he could not tell, lay the woman. For a moment he bent a concentrated, eager gaze upon her he thought she might have fainted or that she might have died. In any event he reflected that she had dressed herself before either of these things happened. She lay motionless under his gaze for so long that he finally made up his mind that common humanity required him to go to her.

He rose to his feet on the instant and saw the woman also lift herself from the grass as it moved by a similar impulse. In his intense preoccupation he had forgot to observe the signs of the times. A sense of the overcast sky came to him suddenly as it did to her, but with a difference.

He knew what was about to happen, his experience told him much more as to the awful potencies of the tempest than she could possibly imagine.

She must be warned at once, she must leave the canon and get up on the higher ground without delay. His duty was plain and yet he did it not. He could not. The pressure upon him was not yet strong enough.

A half dozen times as he watched her deliberately sitting there eating, he opened his mouth to cry to her, yet he could not bring himself to it. The woman had not seen him. He was a silent man by long habit, accustomed to saying nothing, he said nothing now. But instantly aiming from the hip with a wondrous skill

and a perfect mastery of the weapon, and indeed in a short range for so huge a target, he pumped bullet after bullet from his Winchester into the evil monarch of the mountains. The first shot did for him, but making assurance double and treble sure,

halted him, held him back. A man cannot stay away five years from men and women and be himself with them in the twinkling of an eye. And when that instinctive and acquired reluctance against which he struggled in vain, he added the assurance that whatever his message he would be unwelcome on account of what had gone before; he could not force himself to go to her or even to call to her, not yet. He would keep her under surveillance, however, and if the worst came he could intervene in time to rescue her. He counted without his cost, his usual judgment bewildered. So he followed her through the trees and down the bank.

Now he was so engrossed in her and so agitated that his caution slept, his experience was forgotten. The storm in his own breast was so great that it overshadowed the storm brewing above. Her way was easier than his and he had fallen some distance behind when suddenly there rushed upon him the fact that a frightful and unexpected for cloudburst was about to occur above their heads. A lightning flash and a thunder clap at last arrested his attention. Then, but not until then, he flung everything to the winds and amid the sullen and almost continuous peals of thunder he sent lost in the tremendous diapason of sound that echoed and re-echoed through the rifts of the mountains.

"Wait," he cried again and again. "Come up higher. Get out of the canon. You'll be drowned."

But he had waited too long. The storm had developed too rapidly; she was too far ahead of and beneath him. She heard nothing but the sound of a voice, shrill, menacing, fraught with terror for her, not a word distinguishable; scarcely to her disturbed soul even a human voice, it seemed like the weird cry of some wild spirit of the storm. It sounded to her overwrought nerves like utterly inhuman that she only ran the faster.

The canon swerved and then doubled back, but he knew its direction, losing sight of her for the moment he plunged straight ahead through the trees, cutting off the bend, leaping with superhuman agility and strength over rocks and logs until he reached a point where the rift narrowed between two walls and ran deeply. There and then the heavens opened and the floods came and beat into the open mouth of that vast crevice and filled it for an instant.

As the deluge came roaring down, bearing onward the sweepings and scourings of the mountains, he caught a glimpse of her white desperate face

rising, falling, now disappearing, now coming into view again, in the foamy midst of the torrent. He ran to the cliff bank and throwing aside his gun he scrambled down the wall to a certain shelf of the rock over which the rising water broke thinly. Ordinarily it was twenty feet above the creek bed. Bracing himself against a jagged projection he waited praying. The canon was here so narrow that he could have leaped to the other side and yet it was too narrow for him to reach her if the water did not sweep her toward his feet. It was all done in a second. Fortunately a projection on the other side threw the force of the torrent toward him and with it the woman.

She was almost spent. She had been struck by a log upheaved by some mighty wave, her hands were moving feebly, her eyes were closed, she was drowning, dying, but indomitably battling on. He stooped down and as a surge lifted her, he threw his arm around her waist and then he braced himself against the rock to sustain the full thrust of the mighty flood. As he seized her she gave way suddenly, as if after having done all that she could there was now nothing left but to trust herself to his hand and God's. She hung a dead weight on his arm in the ravaging water which dragged and tore at her madly.

He was a man of giant strength, but the struggle bade fair to be too much even for him. It seemed as if the mountain behind him was giving way. He set his teeth, he tried desperately to hold on, he thrust out his right hand, holding her with the other one, and clawed at the dripping rock in vain. In a moment the torrent mastered him and when it did so it seized him with fury and threw him like a stone from a sling into the seething vortex of the mid-stream. But in all this he did not, or would not, release her.

Such was the swiftness of the motion with which they were swept downward that he had little need to swim, his only effort was to keep his head above water and to keep from being dashed against the logs that tumbled end over end or whirled sideways, or were jammed into clusters only to burst out on every hand. He struggled furiously to keep himself from being overwhelmed in the seething madness, and what was harder, to keep the lifeless woman in his arms from being stricken or wracked away. He knew that below the narrows where the canon widened the water would subside, the awful fury of the rain would presently cease.

If he could steer clear of the rocks in the broad he might win to land with her. The chances against him were thousands to nothing. But what are chances in the eyes of God! The man in his solitude had not forgotten to pray, his habits stood him in good stead now. He petitioned shortly, brokenly, in brief unspoken words as he battled through the long dragging seconds.

Fighting, clinging, struggling, praying, he was swept on. Heavier and heavier the woman dragged in an unconscious heap. It would have been easier for him if he had let her go; she would never know and he could then escape. The idea never once occurred to him. He had indeed withdrawn from his kind, but when one depended upon him all the old appeal of weak humanity awoke quick response in the bosom of the strong. He would die with the stranger rather than yield her to the torrent or admit himself beaten and give up the fight. So the conscious and the unconscious struggled through the narrow of the canon.

Presently with the rush and hurl of a bullet

Correspondence

To Our Correspondents.

Our space is limited, make your news items brief and to the point. Give the news only and avoid comment. Leave the editorial writing to the editor. Don't moralize, don't gush. Short items of news is what we want. Separate the items. Don't begin one item on the line on which you end another.

INDEX

J. F. Walters is teaching a singing school, at the Sycamore Grove school house.

The Courier family got a pay day hustle on them last week, and their paper came on time, that is right boys as we are always glad to get it.

Rev. J. L. Ferguson, was the guest of the writer Sunday, he informed us that his wife who has been in bad health for some time is better.

J. M. Havens, who we reported some time ago as being suffering with lung trouble, is no better.

Phill Gose's little son, Doyle, is very low with Diphtheria.

Lee Perkins, of Panama, died the 10th inst. with Consumption.

Mr. Editor, you will please record my name on your family record as a member. We believe that no candidate or school teacher who is not progressive and enterprising enough to patronize the County paper should be elected to office or employed to teach school. This is no time for drones or dead beats in important places.

Mr. Dennis Morris, son of the Rev. J. P. Morris, Caney, and Miss Laura Lykins, daughter of the Rev. L. A. Lykins, of this place, were quietly united in the Holy bonds of matrimony the 7th at the home of the bride's father in the presence of a number of their friends. J. P. Morris officiating. May this young couple live long and prosper, and may their paths through life be strewn with flowers of contentment is the prayer of the writer.

Wm. Ferguson, an old and highly respected citizen of this country, died at the home of his grandson, James M. Ferguson, near the mouth of Caney, the 17th. He was born Aug. the 10, 1820, and married Miss Asie Lykins Feb. the 4th, 1841, to this union were added 14 children. Of this number only four are living: Rev. J. L., Eli, James and Mrs. Emily Faugh. He joined the old Baptist church over fifty years ago and lived a consistent member, was a devoted husband, a loving father and was always ready to lend a helping hand to those in need. He was buried the 8th inst. in the Haney graveyard by the side of his companion who preceded him to his grave just a few weeks.

PIGHEAD.

MAYTOWN

W. W. Lovel and family have gone to Middletown Ohio.

Floyd Roberson and wife, of Bonny, were visiting Mrs. Roberson's father, W. T. Ward at this place last week.

C. W. Clark, of Hazel Green, was here Saturday on business.

Elisha Shockey was at Lexington last week on business.

C. M. McGuire and R. A. Day made a business trip to Cannel City last week.

S. S. Dennis, of Ezel, transacted business at this place Friday.

Clifford Nickell, representing Trimble Grocery Co., was here Saturday interviewing the Merchants.

Harrison Smith and wife, of Dan, were visiting their daughter Mrs. W. W. Lovel here last week.

V. C. Clark bought a horse of Bruce Nickell, price \$100.

There are several new cases of mumps in this neighborhood at this writing.

Roy and Fannie Rowland visited their uncle Isaac Rowland at Dehart Saturday and Sunday.

J. Uval and Isaac Rowland, of Dehart, were in our midst last week transacting business.

Mrs. Gillie Nickell and son, Carl of Jeffersonville, are visiting Valentine Nickell and family.

Harrison Swango sold a mare to Lenox Swango, price \$25.00.
UNCLE DICK.

Administrator's Sale.

By virtue of authority vested in me, as administrator of the estate of the late Robert Patterson, I will, on the 5th day of March, 1912, in front of the post-office, in the town of Ezel, Kentucky, in Morgan county, at the hour of 1 o'clock, P. M., or thereabouts, offer for sale on a credit of three months, to the highest and best bidder, the following described property, to wit:

1 moving machine, 1 harrow, 1 turning plow, 1 shovel plow, 1 spring wagon, 1 grind stone, and 1 two horse wagon.

I will reserve the right to reject any and all bids. Purchasers will be required to execute sale bonds with approved personal security, for all property bought by them.

Given under my hand, as Administrator of the estate of Robert Patterson, deceased, this 14 day of February, 1912.

J. C. STAMPER,
ADMINISTRATOR.

JAS. M. ELAM,

Watchmaker &

Jeweler,

WEST LIBERTY, KY.

Repairing promptly done.

All work guaranteed.

A STORY of a Man and a Maid About in the
THE CHALICE OF COURAGE

By CYRUS TOWNSEND BRADY

A powerful, virile, unusual tale of love in the West
IN THIS PAPER! DON'T MISS IT!

Blamed A Good Worker.

"I blamed my heart for severe distress in my left side for two years," writes W. Evans, Danville, Va., "but I know now that it was indigestion, as Dr. King's New Life Pills completely cured me." Best for stomach, liver and kidney trouble, constipation, headache or debility. 25 cents at all druggists.

Electric Bitters

Made A New Man Of Him.

"I was suffering from pain in my stomach, head and back," writes H. T. Alston, Raleigh, N. C., "and my liver and kidneys did not work right, but four bottles of Electric Bitters made me feel like a new man." PRICE 50 CTS. AT ALL DRUG STORES.

Romantic Ancient Mariners.

Among the ancient mariners the wildest superstitions were rife, but their beliefs in the existence of enchanted spots, such as the siren island of Salypso or of those islets which Sinbad likened to the Garden of Paradise, were more picturesque and romantic than the gloomy and prosaic imaginings which occupy the mind of the modern seaman.

Want.

Train No. 1 will make connection at Lexington with L. & N. for Louisville, Ky. No. 3 will make connection with the L. & N. at Lexington for Cincinnati, O.

No. 1, 2, 3 and 4 will connect with the Miami Central Ry for passengers to and from Campbell's.

Trains No. 1, 2 and 3 will make connection with L. & N. Railway for Beattyville.

Trains No. 3 & 4 connect at O. & K. Junction for points on O. & K. Ry.

THE BIG STORE

C. W. WOMACK

Everything for Everybody. The Home of Low Prices.

Watch this Space for our advertisements. They will be a History of Bargains.

Call and see how we can save you money on all purchases.

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All New and Fresh! My Prices are the Lowest. The Quality Best.

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MORGAN COUNTY NATIONAL BANK

OF CANEL CITY, KENTUCKY

Capital, \$25,000

Surplus, (Earned) 20,000

Average Deposits, 100,000

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YOUR ACCOUNT CORDIALLY SOLICITED.

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WINCHESTER BANK,

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Capital and Surplus \$300,000

Deposits over Half Million

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Correspondence Invited

N. H. WITHERSPOON, President.

W. R. SPAR, Cashier.

Wanted.

We are still short the following numbers of the COURIER:

6, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 22

and 24. Any one who will send

or bring us these numbers will be

suitably rewarded.

Subscribe for the Courier, boys.

LAUNDRY.

Laundry called for and delivered promptly and careful service rendered. Give me your laundry. I have the agency formerly held by Mrs. H. C. Rose.

Adah Caraway.

10 SHOTS

at your fin-

ger tips in the

SAVAGE

32 Caliber,

Automatic

Pistol.

Special features which will appear

Ten Shots: Double the number contained in an ordinary pistol and two more than any other automatic pistol.

Accuracy: The pistol is so constructed that all power is utilized, insuring extreme accuracy, as well as safety from all fouling.

Simplicity: Fewer parts than any other automatic pistol, easily dismounted by hand, without tools; no loose parts.

Safety: Breach positively and automatically locks itself after discharge.

Balance: Perfect balance, center of gravity well balanced naturally in the hand.

Weight: 19 ounces including magazine; length over all

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ANNELITY, K.

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General Merchandise for the Retail Trade.

Also the best Farm Wagons to be had, and can make you close prices.

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Prescribed and Furnished

Full Announcement Later.

For Artistic Job Printing

Anything made with Type on Paper

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"After four in our family had died of consumption, I was taken with a frightful cough and lung trouble, but my life was saved and I gained 67 pounds through using

DR. KING'S NEW DISCOVERY

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PRICE 50¢ and \$1.00 AT ALL DRUGISTS.

You Can Lead a Horse

to water but you can't make him drink.

You can't make him either. You can stuff food to a thin man's stomach but doesn't make him use it.

Scott's Emulsion can't use it. How? By making him hungry, of course. Scott's Emulsion makes a thin body hungry all over. Thought a thin body was naturally hungry didn't you? Well it isn't. A thin body is asleep—not working—gone on a strike. It doesn't try to use its food.

Scott's Emulsion wakes up—puts it to work making new flesh, T

o get fat.

Send for free sample.

SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists and Druggists.

Chamberlain's Laugh Remedy

Cures Colds, Croup, and Whooping Cough.

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HIGHEST MARKET PRICE PAID FOR RAW FURS AND HIDES.

Wool on Commission. Write for price list mentioning this ad.

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